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At the Philadelphia Art Club Exhibition 353 works were accepted and 300 were rejected. The success of this exhibition was, I believe, altogether unprecedented. Over 40 pictures aggregating \$3,500 were sold. This amount divided equally among the 40 would give to each the enormous sum of \$85.25. Think of it, and reflect well. If we divide this amount among the 353 exhibitors then we dole out to each less than \$10 apiece.

What could be done with it? Don't go to Europe, I pray ye, for if ye do, then can we well account for your never returning.

Yet hold: some of these men possess real estate, aye and carry a check book. How is it done? I cannot answer you, except in this wise, that it was never done through the successful art sales of our exhibitions.

Sometimes in the temporary and fleeting ebullition, when mentally intoxicated by the glorious success in art, it has been found necessary to crown it with a dinner at \$5 to \$10 per plate.

Did these men think of the army of poor and unsuccessful exhibitors, of those turned down, hungry, eating their flesh tissues; men and women termed by scientists "waste producers"?

Perhaps they did, for some were responsible for the birth of many, and like the opulent Israelite, attending the feast which celebrated his own glorious success, paused and said:

"Ah! but vat of der boor, der peaceful boor, whose heads are so vull, and whose stomachs ist emby, vat shall we gif dem? Mein vriends, in Got's name I must ast you to assist me, let us gif dem dree cheers."

Art in America is seen generally through eyes that act as agents merely, for mental bodies but badly trained at their best. The township furnishes to the borough, the borough to the smaller cities, and so on, the small enthusiasts, who seem unable, from utter lack of experience and training, to believe anything possible, outside of the local environment to which they have been born.

Could we but collect our best and hold these men to the confines of one exhibition annually we should better determine the progress and status of American art, but unfortunately, like the careless farmer, we barrel the good apples with the bad, and the result is, that we have among the numerous attendances of our exhibitions a quantity made up of inferior quality—a class that never become picture buyers, whose only excuse for being present is that they wish to see the product of a very inferior producer.

Now, if these mediocre productions be confined to an exhibition strictly their own, would it not raise the status of the already exalted? Would it not also be the means of raising an ambition for our rising juniors, who would make an honest and an earnest effort by the law proper of meritorious graduation to become of the body electric?

The conditions at present deny justice to the skilled producer, and by the grinding-out process we are cheating many young men and women into the belief that they are artists; this only needs the baneful influence of a small recognition on the part of the French Salon to create in them a positive contempt for American art; thus teaching, training, and American life and art are placed in jeopardy.

Insist on a longer period in the elementary departments, pay less attention to color themes, and more to the art of drawing, and we shall assist the artist at large, and make the student, by the grace of hard study to be reasonably proud of his or her ability to draw on paper everything ecumenical.

W. P. LOCKINGTON.

An American-born painter, who has almost lost his birthright by a prolonged foreign residence, will shortly open a studio in New York for the execution of portrait commissions. David Neal has visited this country only a few times since, somewhere in the sixties, then about thirty years of age, he expatriated himself. Although he had received his first instructions in California, where he was employed for a number of years as a draughtsman on wood, he received his artistic stamp at the old Academy in Munich, and to this day his work reveals strongly the academic lines and the influence of Kaulbach and Piloty. He is exceptionally fortunate in his portraits, which are more sincere than the work of our French visitors, although equally graceful. Many of the artist's important pictures are found in principal European galleries.

* * *

The King of Italy, whose cultivated and artistic tastes are well known, has purchased at the international exhibition at Venice, for the municipal gallery of Rome, a picture by George Henry Boughton. It is a life-size single figure, called "When the Dead Leaves Fall," and represents a sad but very strong face, which was highly commented upon by the Venetian press. Boughton's work, therefore, has now also the hallmarks of Venice and Rome—the historic homes of art.

AMERICAN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

VII.

THE WILLIAM O. COLE COLLECTION, CHICAGO, ILL.

PALMISTRY just now is a fad. It is but the reading of character and the forecasting of what is likely to happen to certain dispositions. Character reading pure and simple is more honest. Chiromancy, the twists of the nerves, the cast of the eye, the manner of speech, all indicate character. A man's tastes reveal him clearest.

As a result we find the William O. Cole collection, of Chicago, a peculiarly interesting one. Among the hundred pictures which it contains there are but few that, for their minute finish and meretricious coloring, would be considered of great attraction to the promiscuous picture-buyer. There are some, however, which even to these latter uncultivated ones are of interest. For instance, a Grolleron, a Verne, an unusually fine Asti, two Dangers of exquisite *finesse*, and great charm of color: a large ideal female portrait by this artist presenting, in fact, superior artistic excellences to the work of Jacquet, whom it otherwise resembles.

This collector's tastes led him, however, to look during a four years' residence abroad, more for that which appeals to the artist's eye and to cultivated fancy. As a result there are found in this collection pictures before which a connoisseur will lovingly linger. There is, for example, here a landscape, but half finished, some pencil marks yet remaining, and with the color scheme imperfectly worked out. Yet the true lover will cast an envious glance at this juicy bit of woods by Ceremano, the last survivor of the old Barbizon coterie. So we find a virile head by de Neuville, just a soldier's type, without background, but showing in the face lines the nervous energy of the heroes of Gravelotte and Champigny.

A few of the pictures may well be enumerated. Daubigny is represented by two examples. "A Sunset near Barbizon" is in the free manner, of rich, golden tone; two peasants, the woman riding a donkey, returning home from the day's toil; anticipation of rest is shown in the whole composition. An "Apple Tree in Blossom" is of finer finish and brighter coloring. There are also two Corots, one coming from the Bryce collection of London, and being a fine example; a more sketchy landscape has the composition divided by a clump of trees in the centre, somewhat disturbing in its effect.

To one of the Jacques a personal interest is attached by the dedication in the corner *à mon ami Robert*. It is a sketch showing a sheep flock, a mighty sky bending over the horizon. A stable filled with sheep has a peculiar stippling manner of handling, while a small poultry picture of 4½ x 6 inches, showing cock and hen, is a delicious bit of characteristic work.

The original study for Courbet's *La Vache*, now in the Louvre, shows the mighty wave towering over the beach, the sunset-line on the horizon adding richness to this fine marine.

An evening landscape by Jules Dupré is somewhat dark in tone, with the light of an unseen moon illuminating the roof of the cabin at the edge of the forest. A fine Rousseau is also present.

Years ago there were some artists who were not yet influenced by the importunities of their dealers and the readiness of sales. Then they painted as they felt the divine *afflatus* upon them. They produced their work, which was not to be measured by the square inch and the dollar notes, but by warmth of inspiration and soul. Of these, there are two men whose names to-day stand for commercialism and apparent greed. They are Schreyer and Ziem. But these men were young once and did not then live in the palaces of their own manufacturing, but in the palaces of artistic fancy. And of each one there is found here a product of these early times. Of Ziem a Venice scene forsooth, and at sunset time, but without the lurid rainbow glow of his later work. Instead a soft, bluish haze resting on the roofs of the houses, the campanili yet catching the departing sunray, while the foreground with an idly floating gondola is all but in the dusk.

Just as sincere and equally full of feeling is the Schreyer, 7 x 17½, showing the snowy Wallachian steppe, where a nine-horse team, three abreast, urged on by the two drivers, is endeavoring to pull a heavy wagon out of a drift. The atmosphere is filled with the driving, sweeping white particles; the furious energy of the horses balancing the deadening influence of the icy cold. It is a little gem of a picture.

Single pictures are found of Louis Leloir, "The Chamois Hunters," showing excellent drawing and fine values; of Ed. Frère, a landscape with two children, broad in treatment, which came from the Whitehouse Collection of Craisley Old Hall, Wolverhampton; of Yvon, "Cardplayers," being a rather better executed portrayal of soldier life than we generally notice of this artist.

Mura gives a large view on the Thames, showing impressionistic

influences, but full of atmosphere. The broad and vigorous brush-work is full of expression and vitality.

Of the Dutch artist Termeulen there are two paintings, one of which was especially painted for Mr. Cole, which are a revelation to those acquainted with this artist's work. They are by long odds the best works I have seen of this follower of Mauve. One is a large wooded landscape somewhat in the style of Corot, the other, a "Return to the Fold," shows this master of sheep pictures at his best.

Standing by themselves are three or four pictures that would enrich any collection. David Cox, the true child of nature, is shown by one of his cabinet oils, "Changing Pastures," which came from the David Cox Exposition in Birmingham. There is the native simplicity of the master and that masculine vigor of touch, which has never been surpassed. Whether he painted mountain or dell or fruitful plain, foaming torrent or meandering stream, his grandly diversified scenery is always striking and often imposing, though never overstepping the modesty of nature. The picture before us has all the feeling of this man of humble tastes but of wonderful charm and poetic temperament. David Cox, by no means popular in his day, by the judgment of posterity has been given, as a water-colorist, a rank second only to Turner. His works are in this country even more rare than of Turner, and probably for the same cause: that England is willing to outbid us for them.

The very opposite in treatment is Benjamin West, who in classic composition along academic lines portrays the romance of Priam's son Troilus and Cressida, the daughter of Calchas, the priest of Troy. The picture was purchased directly from the family of the artist, and is in many ways a landmark in an historical survey of international art.

From the great opponent of classicism, Couture, there is a female head somewhat broader in treatment than is usually seen from this artist's brush, but with all the glowing color and expressive vitality which came to him after he had sundered the tame and formal bonds of dismal conventionality. The face of this peasant woman is just what may be supposed to have been the ideal of the burly and brusque man of the people, who never could hit it off with the ladies of the imperial court, when Napoleon III. endeavored to chain him to his car.

The gem of the collection is a masterpiece by Diaz. It were easy to give a dry description of this great picture, which formed the center of attraction at a recent Art Institute Loan Exhibit,—as easy as it is to describe the flaming torch of a volcano. "Le Coup de Soleil," to begin with, is a close study of nature by one who understood her as no one had ever done, and worshipped her as a Parsee does the sun. The luminousness of the darkening sky holds within itself the burning glow of a real sun, setting as a ball of fire, and flashing through the branches with a lurid, angry burst. The group of peasants sitting at the edge of the clearing is translated to the canvas by the master hand which cared little for minute lines, only for what was necessary to specify, knowing how to generalize. So it is with the trees, painted as inspiration sees them, so that in their presence one sees the twigs bend and discovers the foliage that constitutes the mass of verdure,—and yet it is no arboreal anatomy by any means. In this picture the true Diaz comes to the surface, the true Diaz speaks in all the splendor of his genius.

EDUARD VON GEBHARDT.

TWEEN hill and dale, away from the highway of commerce, the railroad, only to be reached by the old-fashioned imperial German *Postwagen*, lies the Protestant monastery Loccum. Mirrored in the little lake, at the bank of which this thirteenth century relic was erected, it impresses one as a reflection of past history. In this Lutheran institution in the small Hanover village has been created, during the past ten years, a wonderfully conceived series of religious mural paintings.

In the year 1163 an order of monks established themselves here and in course of time various buildings were erected. During the Reformation there took place one of the remarkable episodes of that time, in the gradual adherence of the Loccum monks to the tenets of Luther, without any perceptible change in cloister order or discipline, to this day an abbot being the head of the institution, which serves at present as a training school for aspiring preachers. This is the place, with its peculiar unworldly atmosphere.

The man who entered sympathetically into these surroundings was selected by the German Government to execute a monument of decorative art. Eduard von Gebhardt, the son of a Lutheran preacher, was well fitted to create a work of peculiar, national type. As instructor in the Düsseldorf Academy he had shown great facility of execution, and in some respects individual conception; while the work for which he had become known indicated the trend of mind which had prepared him for this exposition of German

mural painting, solid, if not gross—so diverging from the French conception of Puvis de Chavannes, poetic and ethereal, or the English, for instance Abbey's, rich and noble.

A recent double number of *Die Kunst unserer Zeit* of Hanfstaengl's contains a half score and more of excellent photogravure reproductions of this cycle, the general subject of which is the representation of Christ as a preacher. The text by Friedrich Schaar-schmidt gives a description of the meaning of these paintings, which we may pass by; not, however, the excellent indents, which show some characteristic study sketches, taken from the artist's note-books.

While of course unable to judge of the color scheme, which is said to be varied according to the theme and to offer a pleasing ensemble, it will be noted that von Gebhardt followed somewhat the Italian school in dressing his figures in the old German costume of Luther's time, with here and there an anachronistic, more modern garment. The effect is not displeasing. The composition and grouping may be thought somewhat theatrical. The drawing, except of the animals which are shown in some of the paintings, is excellent. The artist's favorite specialty is easily recognized. This must of necessity be the hand, and von Gebhardt is so skillful in expressing almost every human sentiment by the delineation of digits and thumbs, that unfortunately these hands sometimes overpower the whole composition and become a serious detriment to its even balance.

This double number is a distinct acquisition to every portfolio, in which is kept a survey of modern art in its various manifestations.

ROMANCES OF THE ITALIAN MASTERS.

ALPHONSO LOMBARDI, Titian's friend, who was the first to introduce the method of medallion portraits in Italy, was a very ingenious sculptor, but most ridiculous character. He was very handsome, finely formed, with a healthy and spirited countenance, and his beauty was undoubtedly the cause of his idle habits and foppish ways. He fell in love with a lady of noble birth, and an anecdote of his courtship is more amusing than elegant. One night, while dancing with her in the house of a Bolognese count, he turned toward her, heaving a profound sigh, looking in her face with what he thought ineffable softness in his eyes, and said:

"If it be not love that I feel, pray then what is it?"

The lady smiled, and, wishing to reprove his gushing sentimentality, replied:

"Perhaps it is a b——" (*pidocchio*).

Her reply being heard was repeated and soon became the joke of Bologna. The poor Alphonso encountered other misfortunes, and died miserably at forty-nine, lamenting to the last moment his unhappy destiny.

Tintoretto, whose real name was Joseph Robusté, was also a child of Venice, the sea-king's daughter, that paradise of lovers. He married a woman of such eager character, that she gave him no time for dreaming his hours away in a gondola. It was owing to her extraordinary encouragement that he painted twice as many pictures as he ought, which gave rise to the saying that Tintoretto had three pencils, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. Although he lived to be seventy-two, his best picture was undoubtedly his "Miracle of the Slave," painted when he was thirty-six. He had two children, both of whom were his pupils. His daughter Mariette had remarkable talent, and promised to far surpass her father as portraitist. She was a bright-faced girl, and when a child her father put her in boy's dress and took her with him for companion and pupil. Mario Augusti, a German jeweller, loved her, and obtained her father's permission to marry her upon the condition that she should never leave home. His love-marriage was of brief duration, for the artist-wife died at thirty, leaving her father and husband inconsolable. Her father painted her portrait as she lay dead—the sublime courage of love.

Giorgione, who left his work to be finished by Titian, was a darling of society. He had great, dark eyes, full curling hair, and the inspired face of a poet. He played the lute, and sang divinely. He died in the height of his fame, at thirty-four, from the plague, having caught it from his lady-love who lay dying.

Leonardo da Vinci never married. He was very fond of quiet, of meditation, and he "feared to find in marriage too many distractions." He was the natural son of a Venetian lawyer, and his mother one of those who "loved too well." Although history makes no mention of her, she must have been a woman of high qualities of both heart and body to have given birth to such a son. Like poor Marion Earle's observation, that "God should put so sweet a seal upon so foul a thing," the child glorified a thousand times his mother's shame, proving in his surpassing beauty, his marvellous genius, the generous and chivalric grace of his manner, that he was indeed a child of love, if not of land. Heaven seems to have heaped